

The Sun

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1901.

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

FAIRY, per Month, \$2.00
 DAILY, per Year, 24.00
 SUNDAY, per Year, 2.00
 DAILY AND SUNDAY, per Year, 26.00
 LARK AND SUNDAY, per Year, 26.00
 To be sent to foreign countries added.

THE SUN, New York City.
 PAID—Kings County, N. Y., near Grand Hotel, and
 No. 10, Boulevard des Capucines.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for
 publication wish to have rejected articles returned, they
 must in all cases stamp for that purpose.

A Week of Mourning and of Spiritual Exaltation.

The last week was a week of mourning and of spiritual exaltation. Death, a universal experience, never loses its solemnity and its lesson is not less awful because it is in the natural order and comes at every moment of time; because hundreds of graves are filled weekly in this city alone. Its effect on survivors whose affections are torn by the loss may pass away under the distractions of their own continued existence, but at its coming there enters into their hearts a religious solemnity which even the absence of religious faith in them cannot bar out.

The death of President McKinley was to the American people like the death of a father of a family, like the passing away of a dearly beloved brother. It touched their hearts as if it had been of one bound to them by the natural ties of blood. It made seventy-five millions of people bow in common mourning. On Thursday, when the body of the assassinated President was consigned to the tomb, a hush of more than Sabbath stillness came over the whole land. Every man and woman and child felt the awful presence of death, was uplifted by it and attentive to its admonitions.

From this death, moreover, there came a special impression. It was the death of a sincerely and deeply religious man, of spotless purity of life and character, who when he came to die went forth with touching words of faith in an immortal life on his lips. He bowed in uncomplaining, unresisting submission to the will of God as the dictate of supreme and absolute love. "Thy will be done," "Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!"

In all history no other man of illustrious place in the world has gone out of life leaving so profound a religious impression on his contemporaries as did William McKinley, twenty-fifth President of the United States. Accordingly the day of his funeral, made by secular proclamation a day of prayer and humiliation, was observed in spirit and deed as no formal fasts of religious institutions are ever observed by our people. The churches were crowded and contained many unused to attendance on their services. A religious awe rested on seventy-five millions of people.

What did this indicate? What did it demonstrate? It showed that the religious impulse is ineradicable in man, even when definite religious faith has passed away. Call the sentiment simply poetic, if you will; it is still and ever will be the most powerful in man. Its universal manifestation last week, and more especially last Thursday, demonstrated to the most flippant and cynical that the struggle for existence, the sharp competition for temporal and material good, cannot keep men down to the sordid earth or stifle in them aspirations for the poetic ideal represented by religion.

The death of William McKinley, good and great man, humble before God, childlike in religious faith and sustained by it in the torture of pain, has sent through this country, even through the world, a wave of religious emotion from which must come spiritual consequences of profound significance.

Will the Dual Alliance Last?

The enthusiasm with which the Czar Nicholas II. has been welcomed in France seems to indicate that nothing in international politics is more stable than the tie which connects the French Republic with the Russian Empire. We believe that the inference is well founded, but there are not wanting observers who take a different view of the matter.

Those who regard the Dual Alliance as a short-lived affair predict its termination, which is, they say, self-evident, that the main, if not the only, profit thus far accruing from the partnership has been reaped by Russia. There is no doubt that the financial services rendered by France to her Russian ally have been of inestimable value. In the first place, they have enabled the St. Petersburg Government to refund a large part of its public debt at a lower rate of interest. If this were all, the outcome of such a stroke of financial largesse would be equivalent to a free gift of an immense sum of money. As a matter of fact, however, France has not only enabled Russia to meet the annual interest on her previous indebtedness with a smaller draft upon her treasury, but she has done what no other European country was able or willing to do to anything like the same extent; she has made it possible for Russia greatly to increase her previous indebtedness. It is true that the St. Petersburg Government has managed to borrow a little money in Germany, and also, a little in the United States, but it is safe to say she has found France willing to lend ten times as much.

The relative proportion of the pecuniary assistance to be expected by Russia from Germany, on the one hand, and from France, on the other, was indicated in the telegrams received on Friday from St. Petersburg and from Berlin. On the one hand, we are told that the meeting of the Czar and the German Kaiser at Danzig has been followed by an agreement on the part of a German syndicate, sanctioned by the German Government, to subscribe for \$20,000,000 of Russian railroad bonds. On the other hand, we are informed that the Czar's first to Comptroller is counted

upon to facilitate before the close of the year the placing of a new Russian loan amounting to \$200,000,000 by Paris bankers. It is, in a word, principally on the financial resources of her French partner that Russia relies for the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway, for the construction of her projected canal and for the enlargement and equipment of her army and navy.

What France has done for Russia is, indeed, obvious enough, but those who take a pessimistic view of the Dual Alliance maintain that the former country has received no *quid pro quo*. It is certain that, during the years which have succeeded the conclusion of the Franco-Russian league, France has not advanced a step, apparently, toward the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, or to the reassertion of her former ascendancy in Egypt. Neither has she made, meanwhile, any important territorial acquisitions in any part of the globe, for we could scarcely in such terms describe the concessions obtained in the southwest provinces of China, or the arrangement effected with Great Britain in reference to the frontier of Siam, or to spheres of influence in the region south of the Sahara. So far as influence in the Ottoman Empire is concerned, France has manifestly lost ground at Constantinople during the last decade, and is, seemingly, receiving no very strenuous support from Russia in her efforts to regain it. Even if we admit, however, that the benefit derived by France from the Dual Alliance has been negative rather than positive, it does not follow that the benefit was not worth buying at a great price. Up to the date when she arrived at a definite understanding with the St. Petersburg Government, France was entirely isolated. She was literally at the mercy of the Triple Alliance. It was notorious that, soon after the signing of the Treaty of Frankfurt, and while the relatively pacific Emperor William I. was still alive, the military party at Berlin had desired to attack France once more, for the purpose of reducing her to impotence, and no one could foresee when that party might obtain ascendancy under the young and adventurous Emperor William II. It was the instinct of self-preservation that impelled France to enter into relations as close as possible with Russia, and she is justified in making great pecuniary sacrifices to that end.

All that a man hath will be given for his life, and the savings and the credit of France may be deemed well invested if they assure her national existence.

The Day of the Conscienceless Newspaper Over.

We continue to receive daily great numbers of letters from all parts of the Union, in denunciation of the spirit and methods of a school of journalism which of recent years had thriven more than any other in this country, so far as concerned its sales. Instead of diminishing, this stream of correspondence increases in volume.

An expression of popular sentiment so spontaneous and so widespread affords good reason for believing that for a long time to come, if not permanently, that newspaper school is doomed to rest in the public contempt. Unfortunately of late years there has entered into the business of newspaper direction and writing a noisy body of sharp and well-educated but flippant young men who have conceived the notion that restraints of conscience and principle are only a bar to its most successful pursuit. They play it as a game, in which anything is fair, so long as it wins. Their theory is that since society is made up chiefly of those into whose lives hardship and the weariness of toil enter, men and women who must struggle even for their bread, the surest profit for a newspaper is in stirring up the discontented to greater discontent and even to violent rebellion against their conditions.

These young fellows are not Anarchists; they have no convictions of any sort. They do not take their work or anything else seriously. They write for a living and why, say they, should we not do the writing which pays best? Their object is not to stir up trouble for other people, but to get the means for their own self-gratification. They do not believe that men in public life or any life, for that matter, are influenced by any higher considerations than those which appeal to themselves.

At a time like this when it is demonstrated so impressively, so majestically, that the public is governed by something above and wholly apart from its sordid interest, that it is inspired by the contemplation of a splendid example of devotion to duty, and that it has a heart whose strings respond best to the touch of the noblest impulses, there must come to these sharp and cynical young fellows, however, the suggestion that, after all, they were not so clever as they thought in their diagnosis of public sentiment. They wrote their columns and drew their ribald pictures simply because they imagined there would be an uninterrupted demand for them, not because they themselves had any belief in them. They didn't care; they were not serious, and they believed that really nobody else was serious. Life was a comedy with them. Their newspaper writing was all a joke, and as a joke which paid well they kept it up. They were ready to take any side on any question, so long as they helped to sell the papers for which they wrote and drew, and thus created a demand for their literary or artistic skill. They are as far removed from the stress of the human struggles with which they assumed to sympathize so keenly as men can be. They are triflers with life who were simply playing a game, careless of the serious consequences which might come from it. The spirit of mischief, too, was in them. Like boys who start a fire that they may see the engines and the ladders of the fire department scurrying through the streets, they stirred up social incendiarism that they might have the fun of watching the outcome. It was smart, it showed what bright fellows they were.

Only when the outcome was the assassination of the man they had ridiculed

and reviled and calumniated in their wantonness, and the whole world was shocked and bowed in grief at the murderous ending of a career so beautiful in its inspirations for mankind, did they awaken to the consciousness that in their distortion of all principle they had gone too far, that they had misconceived public sentiment and that the shot which killed President McKinley had also hit in a vital part the school of journalism which had been built up by their flippancy and cynicism.

We are inclined to think that for a long time to come the demand for that sort of journalistic talent will be small. Its invasion of the newspaper field, apparently so successful at the beginning, has ended disastrously. Public sentiment now demands its expulsion from every decent place. This is the feeling which is expressed so indignantly and in some instances so violently in the letters which are coming to us by every mail from every part of the Union.

The day of the so-called "yellow journalism" is over. It will struggle to regain its footing, but the effort will be vain. Even those who once got entertainment from its flippant and conscienceless methods now turn from it with loathing. It was conceived in dishonor and it dies in disgrace.

City Money.

The subjoined communication indicates a misconception on the part of the writer that may be common, and should be quickly removed:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—I ask for a few lines to point out the state of the so-called 'parks' of the upper West Side. This has been a most trying summer, especially to those who, like myself, live in a small apartment and have several small children. I live on West 125th street, and the difficulty has been how to give our children fresh air except to allow them to run on the street. Then when we look around and see great vacant spaces condemned and paid for as public parks, but left as vacant lots—rubbish heaps—no one would care to go there. I am sure that the city would be better off if these parks were used for other purposes. From West 125th to West 144th, again from West 144th to West 155th, and again from West 155th to West 160th street, are hundreds of these acres, paid for out of our hard-earned money directly or indirectly, but which are allowed to be useless to us or our children."

"Can nothing be done to force the Park Department to make these into real parks?"

"NEW YORK, Sept. 17. HENRY MEYER."

To condemn the Park Department for not extending the park system is like condemning a man without the price of a dinner for remaining hungry. The more money any department of the city government can spend on its domain, the happier it is. Nothing would please the Park Department better than to splurge in beautifying and extending the parks.

The barrier is the Committee on Estimate and Apportionment, which appropriates money for all city departments. When we come to trying the committee for not spending more money, it will have a great deal to say for itself. But these vacant spaces and the great and unnecessary increase in salaries that has recently marked the city government certainly do not look well together in the same frame.

A Notable Hartford Citizen.

JAMES GOODWIN BATTERSON, who died in Hartford last week in his seventy-ninth year, was probably the foremost citizen of that town and the most accomplished man in Connecticut. There are men at Yale University, and perhaps elsewhere in that State, of wider formal attainments in more branches of learning, but he did things as well as knew them. He was a figure in the world of business; he was a thinker and a scholar; and he was a man of constant public spirit, a great public character although he did not hold public office. Still, during the Civil War he was chairman of the Republican State Central Committee and of the War Committee, and the most vigorous conductor of WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM, the War Governor.

Last winter he argued in favor of a Constitutional Convention. Then and always there was something remarkably clear, fresh and original about his way of putting things. A great many men have tried to write and fancied they could write like WALTER BAGGOT. Mr. BATTERSON was an admirer of BAGGOT. We have a sort of recollection that he republished BAGGOT's works. But he was not an imitator. He simply had the gift of lucid and orderly exposition and language.

He never had much chance in the schools. He was the son of a stone-mason and learned his father's trade. He had previously learned the printer's trade, and had studied to fit himself to enter college. But that was a dream. He had to work and he worked well. Before he gave up all hope of having a profession, he read law for a time with ORIGIN STORRS SEYMOUR, afterward Chief Justice of Connecticut, whom our older readers remember as one of the most famous of Nutmeg lawyers and Democrats. Then he went to marble-cutting with his father, first at Litchfield, then at Hartford. He began as a builder of cheap rural grave-stones and monuments. He came to be a really monumental builder, witness the State Capitol at Hartford and, most of all, the Congressional Library at Washington. He was extraordinarily successful as a builder and maker of marble work. He was the American beginner of accident insurance, and he founded one of the great Hartford life insurance companies. And all the time he kept going to college by himself. He continued to get an education much more valuable and various than \$9.99 per cent of college-educated men acquire. Most of them contrive to learn little while they are in college and to forget it as soon as they are out of college. Mr. BATTERSON was educating himself all his life.

He became a geologist, a mineralogist, an engineer. Studying the geology of the Nile Valley and the engineering problems of Egypt, during a couple of winters which he spent there forty years or more ago, he soon became interested and afterward an adept in that wonderful and fascinating pursuit, Egyptology. He made himself not a smatterer but a real scholar in Greek

and Latin. He loved to read and translate Homer and Virgil. He used to read Greek every day, "with his feet on the fender," as MACAULAY said. He consoled his age with those ageless master-works. He made himself familiar with French, Italian and Spanish. He was an earnest student of Biblical literature. He grappled joyously with statistics and political economy. He loved history, most of all Connecticut, Hartford, Litchfield history. He acquired an admirable taste in painting and sculpture. He took an intelligent interest in horticulture. He wrote like a master on taxation and he produced considerable poetry, none of which is so bad as JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S. He was a mighty good political manager for the Connecticut Republicans in the war time. Private citizen as he was, he was a formidable speaker and debater, full of wit and reason, and of a commanding presence.

It is likely enough that few persons here have ever heard of this splendid old man; but he was a great man in his way. His life was long and enviable. He kept his intellectual keenness to the end. All his success and all his learning he won by himself. He made his opportunities. He built himself up broad and deep and strong.

A Southern President.

An interesting letter regarding the family of President ROOSEVELT's mother, MARTHA BULLOCK, reminds us that in ROOSEVELT the South has a representative in the White House more closely allied to it by birth than any President since JOHN TYLER. That McKinley, during whose Administration the accident of war and his own political genius and friendly heart caused a blessed mollification of sectional prejudice, should be succeeded by a half-Southerner cannot pass without comment.

In restoring the South to her own in the nation, history moves with a gentle but irresistible step.

Irish lions are rare birds, as Sir BOWEN ROBERTS might say, but they are getting along swimmingly in the Dublin Zoo. About two hundred of them have been raised, and the young cubs sold brought \$25,000 into the treasury of the Gardens. Now the managers of the institution are going into the business of lion raising with a vengeance. It appears that the climate of Dublin agrees perfectly with lions, however sorely it may strain the constitutions of other animals. All the Irish lions are of the African desert, and it is necessary to say that in Dublin they must be counted among the rebels. It is to be hoped that the British Government, in view of this fact, may not crush this lion-raising industry in Ireland, because the splendid animals, rebels though they be, are intelligent, docile and good natured, like all Irish-born creatures, except bulls.

The king of the Dublin lions is a magnificent black-maned fellow called Caesar, and his wife is a beautiful Nubian lioness. Their family fates a total, so far of nine, and the expectations are bright. The British lion died recently in Africa. Long live the Irish lions in Dublin!

The breaking of the back of the British torpedo boat destroyer Cobra must send a thrill of anxiety throughout all navies. Possibly the Cobra was in a particularly trying case, but sixty-five men were lost. Our Navy Department should either look carefully over our torpedo boats again or over the rules and customs of their use.

Hayti is a land where according to past experience political campaigns are settled by summary rather than strictly constitutional methods. Presidents there seem to hold power as long as they can and to be disposed in the normal course only by "revolutions," bloodshed or otherwise. The late President LEROUX, who was elected in 1893, was a man of great ability and high character. He was a man of constant public spirit, a great public character although he did not hold public office. Still, during the Civil War he was chairman of the Republican State Central Committee and of the War Committee, and the most vigorous conductor of WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM, the War Governor.

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LAW AND ORDER.

Foundation Stones of the Public Welfare.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—A little over a year ago I made a statement before the Industrial Commission at Washington to the effect that: "Labor unions were a greater menace to the safety of the United States Government than would be the combined armies of the world marshalled in hostile array on the borders of our land." Standing to-day in the shadow of the nation's loss, in the person of its murdered President, I desire to repeat the foregoing statement, and, if I could, I would fasten it as indelibly upon the minds and hearts of my countrymen as this column of the assassin will forever fasten upon the memory of the murdered.

I would not be misunderstood in this. I bear no ill-will against labor unions as such. I consider myself as strong and devoted a friend to the working classes in this country as any man in their ranks or out of them. For I realize that the safety and perpetuity of the American nation depend upon its industrial classes, who create such conditions as alone can insure peace and happiness to the people—the end and object of all human governments. But I note the tendency of labor unions toward impressing their members with a sense of being exempt from the requirements of law, and privileged to disregard even the judgments of our courts. They teach through their acts that the rights of others are to be ignored and even the sacredness of person and property is as nothing to the demands of their unions, and this tendency and teaching lead to anarchy, and anarchy means the end of government.

Experience and history tell us that governments are destroyed more through internal than external causes. It is internal corruption and disintegration for law and authority that menace the American nation to-day, more than would be possible from any and all other sources combined; and to the correction of these elements of discord and dissolution the best efforts of our best citizens, both in the North and in the South, must be directed. Whether this spirit of disregard for law and authority comes from the mob or from the organized labor union, it is the boycott and strike so prevalent in the North, they are equally dangerous and equally to be placed under the condemnation of a righteous public sentiment, as necessary for the preservation of the government.

This is not a time for bitterness between classes, nor for unnecessary reflection on any agency that may be deemed prejudicial to the public welfare, but it is time for honesty and for pointing out the dangers that beset our pathway as a people, and for less advocacy in demanding their removal. We have been sowing to the wind in our disregard of the obligations of good citizenship, and giving unhindered license to tongue and pen in advocacy of vicious principles and abuse of public men and disregard for law. We have already reaped the harvest in part of such laxity of duty and if we would save this government from the ruin that is before us, we must reestablish in the hearts of the American people supreme regard for law and authority.

Secretary National Industrial Association, New York, Sept. 14.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MOTHER

Interesting Ancestry of Martha Bulloch.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—By reason of the intimacy which in former years existed between my own family and the ancestors of President Roosevelt on his mother's side, who for generations were residents of Georgia, I have been able to ascertain the history of the latter, and thoughts of much interest in connection with them have come into my mind.

Archibald Bulloch, great grandfather of Mr. Roosevelt, President of the Provisional Congress of Georgia in 1775 and 1776. He had been a delegate to the Continental Congress, which convened at Philadelphia on Sept. 13, 1774. He had been President of Georgia in 1774, and was the first man to read and promulgate the Declaration of Independence in Georgia.

Colonel James Stephens Bulloch, his grandson, have imagined that he was then standing at an equal distance in his line between a grandfather who had been a President of a Province, and a grandson who might someday become a President of the United States.

In 1786, John Elliott, who was born at the Medway settlement in Liberty county in this State on Oct. 13, 1773, and who in later life represented his State in the Senate, married in his native town Miss Esther Dunwoody.

From this union came a daughter, Hester Amarritha Bulloch, who married James Stephens Bulloch, by the union of these two the great-grandfather of Mr. Roosevelt, the late President of the United States, was born.

Within one week after this marriage, on Jan. 6, 1818, the bride's father, Senator John Elliott, died, and the bride, Hester Amarritha Bulloch, was left a widow. She was then a young girl, and her father's death was a great loss to her. She was then a young girl, and her father's death was a great loss to her.

It was somewhere in the sixties that Miss Martha Bulloch, half-sister of Miss Susan Elliott, married Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr. in 1852. Miss Annie Bulloch, who was the daughter of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., was married to Mr. James H. Bulloch, who was the son of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr.

McKinley's Portrait on Postage Stamps.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—The Post Office Department can help us to honor and cherish the memory of our late President by placing his portrait upon one of our postage stamps, say the two-cent denomination.

Lincoln and Garfield were so honored, and in fact, their portraits appear upon the current four-cent and six-cent stamps.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 20.

A President of Dutch Descent.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Something over twenty years ago I began to read the Dutch and made it part of an English colony. Later, the descendants of the Dutch of New Amsterdam and the colonies of English blood were the Dutch and made it part of an English colony.

DARED NOT STOP ALL TRAINS.

But Railroads Did Their Utmost to Give Evidence of Sorrow.

The stopping of trains by some of the railroad companies for periods of five and ten minutes as tributes to President William McKinley, was attended by more inconvenience and expense than the public has any idea of. It is only fair to the railroad managers to say that the question of expense had no influence on determining their course of action.

Conditions permitted the cessation of traffic on a few steam railroads and, in the larger railroad systems, not taking sidings and branches into consideration, a section of the Pennsylvania Railroad system issued an order that all trains on its division should stand still for ten minutes, at 3:30 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, but it was speedily ascertained that such an order could not safely be carried into effect. The enormous traffic of the Pennsylvania system requires that trains shall arrive and depart from certain points within an interval of two minutes. To stop traffic for even five minutes would cause congestion at many places, and throw the time schedules into serious confusion.

The same condition of affairs exists on the New York Central system. About five hundred trains leave and enter the Grand Central Station in this city every twenty-four hours. The utmost ingenuity is required to make way for these trains, and when even one train loses time by accident or delay, the traveling public is inconvenienced. If President Newman of the New York Central had followed the dictates of sentiment he would have stopped every wheel on the great system under his control last Thursday afternoon. Practical conditions, however, intervened, and the president of the New York Central had to choose between the time of moving wheels and the time of stopping them. A stoppage of trains on the New York Central for five minutes would have caused a serious delay in the time schedules that would be far-reaching and possibly difficult of correction. The element of danger would assert itself against the element of sentiment according to established schedules.

On some of the Western railroads where the train service is comparatively infrequent, it was found possible to stop trains for a short time without serious inconvenience or danger. President Yoakum of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad was able to give an impressive manifestation of the universal sorrow because train service on that road is not overcrowded. He ordered that on Tuesday, the day of the public funeral ceremonies in Washington, all trains and all machinery and all work of every description on this system be suspended. This order was carried out to the letter.

A CO-OPERATIVE CONVENTION.

Straight Edgists Unite With Two Other Bodies in Issuing a Call.

The Cooperative Association and colonies in New York and its vicinity have issued a call for a convention to take place in Civic Council Hall, 125 East Twenty-eighth street next Wednesday to discuss the establishment of the cooperative colonies in different parts of the country. The call is signed by the Straight Edge Society of New York, the Cooperative Brotherhood and the Cooperative Association of America.

The principal mover in bringing about the convention is, however, the Straight Edge Society, which has a membership of about 100 in New York and its vicinity. In the Sixth Avenue house a number of families live in common, supplying most of their wants with their own products. They make their own bread and run a printing plant, publish pamphlets at intervals and have an official organ. The Straight Edgists say that they follow the teachings of the Bible and that they are not communists. They do not court publicity nor seek converts.

NEED OF RELIGIOUS TEACHING.

The Roman Catholic View Presented as Peculiarly Fitted to This Time.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—In this morning's SUN there appears a report of a sermon by the Rev. W. Montgomery of St. Paul's Chapel on the "Godless Educational System of the United States." He lays at the door of our irreligious public school system most of the crimes and disorders of the day. He says that the cause of the system so as to bring in religion, even to the extent of dividing up the school money among the various Christian denominations.

It is gratifying that eminent non-Catholics are at last beginning to see what Catholics have been crying out for years. Catholics have not asked the drastic remedy suggested by Mr. Freer, but they demand that the cause of the system be removed. We Catholics are not hostile to the public schools but only to their short-comings.

When will a sufficient number of far-seeing men like Freer see these facts and take a remedy?

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.

From Advance Sheets of the Catholic World for October.

In the good old days of our fathers, when religion was honored and a sense of eternal responsibility pervaded the hearts of the people, no honor and worship of God filled the souls of the nation, the conscienceless and godless had found a dwelling place which to thrive. But by bit by bit we have lost our hold on religious ideas. There has been a decline of faith. The Bible, which contains much that was helpful to preserve the sweet life of the nation, has been torn to shreds in the home of its friends.

Only a short time ago a non-Catholic wrote a public letter to the Holy Father in Rome, in which he said, and there was found none to gainsay him, that "the Protestant Church is fast drifting into infidelity. In many of the great theological seminaries of that Church open disbelief in some parts of the Bible is taught. Thousands of the ministers of the Protestant churches are men who believe that certain parts and books of the Bible need not be accepted. Their position and work have lowered the profile of disbelief in all religion." This is a terrible accusation of truth, and there were not a good deal of truth in it no man could make it much less one who calls himself a non-Catholic.

While we lay the tribute of respect to the newly made grave of our martyred President, let us lay the tribute of our hearts to his memory. Let us lay the tribute of our hearts to his memory. Let us lay the tribute of our hearts to his memory.

SACRIFICED SAFETY FOR SPEED.

Cause of the Loss of the British Torpedo Boat Cobra.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.—Naval officers on duty at the Navy Department say they are not at all surprised over the accident to the English torpedo boat Cobra, and that the breaking of the vessel's back confirms their judgment as to the inadvisability of constructing boats of this class for speed only and without regard for safety. The fact that the Cobra buckled up without having struck a rock is not considered surprising, as vessels of this type are little more than large canoes, and in the English method of construction, weight in the hull is sacrificed to secure great speed. The filling of a more shell with machinery too heavy for the extremely light frame-work of the torpedo boat is considered here to be responsible for the accident.

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MRS. EDDY TO MRS. MCKINLEY.

Mother of Christian Science Has Sent a Letter of Advice.

Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy of Concord, Mass., has sent a letter of advice to Mrs. McKinley. She has enclosed copies of it to the Christian Science churches and it is to be read in most of them today.

Concord, N. H., Sept. 19, 1901.

My Dear Mrs. McKinley: My sincere sympathy goes out to you for your sorrow, consolation and victory. Trust in Him whose love enfolds thee. "Thou wilt keep Him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Divine love for length of days, so near as when all earthly joys seem most far.

Thy tender husband, our nation's Chief Magistrate, has passed earth's shadow into life's substance, through a momentary mist he beheld the dawn. He awaits to welcome thee where no sorrow wounds the eagle's soul, where no partings are for love, where the high and holy call you suffer to meet.

I know Thou hast been always the worker of peace, and I am sure that the Lord will remove the sackcloth from thy home. With Love.

MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

TO LAUNCH THE CLEVELAND.